

# The Star.

VOLUME 3.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY MAY 16, 1894.

NUMBER 2.

## Railroad Time Tables.

### BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

The short line between DuBois, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

On and after Nov. 19th, 1893, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

7:10 A. M.: 1:30 p. m.; and 7:30 p. m. Accommodations from Punxsutawney and Big Run.

8:50 A. M.: Buffalo and Box Island mail for Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

7:45 A. M.: 1:45 p. m.; and 7:30 p. m. Accommodations from Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

2:20 P. M.: Bradford Accommod. after Erie, Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellinort, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

6:00 P. M.: Mail for DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Walton.

9:20 A. M.: Sunday train for Brockwayville, Ridgway and Johnsonburg.

6:00 P. M.: Sunday train for DuBois, Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of Ten Cents will be collected by conductors when fares are paid on trains from all stations where a ticket office is maintained. Thousand mile tickets at \$20.00 cents per mile, good for passage between all stations.

J. H. McISTYRE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa.  
J. H. McISTYRE, Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.  
J. H. McISTYRE, Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

### PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1893.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave Driftwood.

EASTWARD

9:04 A. M.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:20 p. m.; New York 10:30 p. m.; Baltimore 7:30 p. m.; Washington 8:30 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

9:50 P. M.—Train 6, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:20 a. m.; New York 7:30 a. m.; Baltimore 6:30 a. m.; Washington 7:30 a. m. Pullman cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

9:50 P. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 a. m.; New York 9:50 a. m.; Baltimore 6:50 a. m.; Washington 7:50 a. m. Pullman cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD

7:32 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 9:00 a. m. for Erie.

9:50 A. M.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

9:50 P. M.—Train 11, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 A. M.; Washington, 7:50 A. M.; Baltimore, 6:50 A. M.; Williamsport, 10:15 A. M.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 1:30 P. M. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 13 leaves New York at 8 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11:30 p. m.; Washington, 10:40 a. m.; Baltimore, 11:40 p. m.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 9:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport and to DuBois.

TRAIN 15 leaves Reno at 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:32 a. m.

### JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:40 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 9:55 a. m., arriving at Clermont at 10:45 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10:55 a. m., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:40 a. m., and Ridgway at 11:55 a. m.

### RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD. NORTHWARD.

P. M. A. M. STATIONS. A. M. P. M.

12:10 9:40 Ridgway 1:30 6:20

12:18 9:48 Island Run 1:30 6:20

12:22 9:52 Mill Haven 1:16 6:15

12:31 10:02 Harvey Run 1:06 6:08

12:38 10:10 Short's Mills 1:25 6:00

12:42 10:15 Blue Rock 1:24 5:54

12:44 10:17 Vineyard Run 1:22 5:51

12:46 10:20 Brockwayville 1:20 5:48

1:00 10:32 McMillan Summit 1:30 5:25

1:14 10:46 Harvey Run 1:44 5:11

1:20 10:55 Falls Creek 1:50 5:05

1:45 11:05 DuBois 1:55 5:15

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY. EASTWARD. WESTWARD.

Train 8, 7:17 a. m. Train 11, 11:34 a. m.

Train 6, 1:45 p. m. Train 13, 1:30 p. m.

Train 4, 7:25 p. m. Train 15, 8:30 p. m.

S. M. PREVOST, J. R. WOOD, Gen. Manager, Gen. Pass. Agt.

### ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday Dec. 24, 1893. Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS. No. 1. No. 5. No. 9. 101. 109.

Red Bank... 10:57 4:52

Lawsanham... 11:30 5:25

New Bethlehem... 11:38 5:33

Oak Ridge... 11:46 5:41

Mayeville... 12:06 6:00

Summersville... 12:25 6:20

Brockville... 12:33 6:30

Ball... 12:41 6:38

Fuller... 12:49 6:46

Reynoldsville... 1:00 6:57

Pancost... 1:14 7:26

Falls Creek... 1:20 7:32

DuBois... 1:35 7:35

Salisbury... 1:47 7:47

Winterburg... 1:50 8:00

Penfield... 2:03 8:06

Tyler... 2:15 8:18

Clan Fisher... 2:32 8:34

Benezette... 2:42 8:44

Grant... 2:53 8:56

Driftwood... 3:29 9:25

A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.

STATIONS. No. 2. No. 6. No. 10. 106. 110.

Driftwood... 10:42 5:30

Grant... 10:52 5:41

Benezette... 10:53 5:41

Clan Fisher... 11:10 5:50

Tyler... 11:29 6:09

Penfield... 11:39 6:19

Winterburg... 11:55 6:35

Salisbury... 12:11 6:51

DuBois... 1:05 6:50

Falls Creek... 1:20 7:20

Pancost... 1:44 7:26

Reynoldsville... 1:42 7:40

Fuller... 1:58 7:57

Ball... 2:10 8:00

Brockville... 2:20 8:10

Summersville... 2:39 8:38

Mayeville... 2:58 8:57

Oak Ridge... 3:06 9:05

New Bethlehem... 3:15 9:15

Lawsanham... 3:47 9:47

Red Bank... 4:50 10:00

A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID McCARGO, GEN'L. Supt.

JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. Pass. Agt.

## MY QUEER OLD WIFE.

A queer old lady is the wife I chose to travel with through life, And that I long have seen, So many little faults she has I tell her of them constantly, But it does no good, I ween.

Sometimes she's nice as nice can be And seems quite willing to agree That my way is quite right, And then again she will dissent, Which calleth forth an argument—She quite ignores my light.

She has the queerest notions—why, She thinks she knows as much as I And tells me so quite plain, Of course no one could fail to see That I am smarter far than she, But women are so vain! —Minneapolis Housekeeper.

## THREE LITERARY PARABLES.

And at the Ending Thereof Came the Turning of the Worm.

"Now, Barabbas was a publisher."

A butcher calls at the door and offers a fine sweet ham, neatly cased. The mistress agrees to buy it, saying, however, that it is against her rules to pay for any article until the whole of it is eaten. The butcher, knowing that there are many carts on the road laden with hams just as finely cured as his, ruefully accepts the terms, and when a price is settled departs.

After keeping the ham for two years in a dusty, musty cellar the housekeeper returns it to the butcher soiled and stale, saying that, after all, her family prefers fresh meat, and she has decided not to cook the ham.

One spring morning a farmer knocks at the kitchen door of a city house, with a basket of freshly laid eggs for sale. The mistress expresses delight at obtaining them, declaring, however, that it is her invariable custom to pay for articles after they have appeared on her table and then only such a price as she thinks fit. Expecting an early settlement under these conditions and being in need of cash for the interest on the mortgage on his farm, the man accepts the lady's terms and departs. Week after week and month after month go by, but no payment is made for the eggs. When he calls at the house to inquire, the maid informs him that her mistress bids her say that the great variety of seasonable articles of food has prevented the use of the eggs, but that she hopes very soon to find a place for them on her menu. In the autumn the farmer is surprised to have the maid hand him the basket, saying that as the eggs have lost their freshness and are uneatable her mistress returns them, with thanks for the opportunity for purchasing and hopes that the farmer will call whenever he is town and allow an examination of his stock.

The third of these true parables relates to a green grocer and some crisp blanched lettuce which he is requested to leave for the housekeeper's examination at her leisure. After a time a messenger leaves a package at the green grocer's shop. On opening it he finds his lettuce, wilted and bruised, and these consolatory words, "Owing to no lack of merit, but because lettuce is not exactly available for my table, I return these heads, with thanks for the opportunity for examining them."

And here endeth the parables and the turning of the worm.—Harriet Cushman Wilkie in *Writer*.

## He Didn't Want to Wait.

A man with a whip in his hand and muddy cowhide boots upon his feet tramped up into City Clerk Allen's room and demanded, "Can I get married here?"

"You can take the first steps toward it."

"First steps? I have taken the first steps for the last six or seven years, and now I'm going to finish it up. I want to be married right off. My gal is down there holdin' the horses, and if you'll marry me I'll hitch 'em, and she'll come up. Hey?"

"You will have to get published and wait awhile before you get married."

"Wait! Wait! Jane's been telling me to wait all these years, and I'll be cussed if I'll wait. Wait! Pooch! See here, young fellow, if you don't marry me, I'll have you discharged. I'm 40 years old and my own man. I won't be fooled with."

The clerk finally explained to the man that the law required him to wait, and he consented and was published.—*Leviston Journal*.

## Birds Guided by the Stars.

Did you ever venture any conjecture as to how migratory birds manage to keep up their flight in a due north direction at night? It has been proved that on clear nights they often "wing their northern flight" in the rarified atmosphere three miles above the earth's surface. This being true, it is clear that guidance by the topography of the country is out of the question. How, then, are they able to keep their beaks pointed toward the north pole? The scientific ornithologist comes to the rescue with the declaration that they are guided by the stars, and in support of his opinion cites as evidence the fact that when the stars are obscured by clouds the birds become bewildered and at once seek the ground.—*St. Louis Republic*.

## A Difference.

"Yes," sniffed the hypocrite, "I shed tears, or I would shed them if"

"Here, let up on that," interrupted the other man. "There's a difference between a shed and a would shed, and the sorrow crop was fired.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

## QUEENS OF HAWAII.

PLAYED PROMINENT PARTS IN THE ISLAND KINGDOM.

How Queen Kaahumanu Established "Woman's Rights"—Royal Processions, in One of Which a Dowager Wore Seventy-two Yards of Cashmere.

When the missionaries arrived at Hawaii, March 30, 1820, the condition of woman was that of a slave. She could not eat coconuts, bananas, oranges or fish, and one of the curious tabus, or interdictions, forbade her eating any kind of food with men.

Queen Kaahumanu sent for the new king, Liholiho, who was engaged in a drunken orgie out on the ocean in a canoe, and urged him to throw down the idols in the heiaus, or temples, and to clinch the matter by eating in public with a group of women who were feasting by themselves at a little distance from the royal abode. Staggering over to them, Liholiho, who was a very different character from his famous father, sat down and publicly ate some of their food. The cry went up, "The tabu is broken."

The tabu was applied to the idols, and woman's emancipation began. Queen Kaahumanu was a huge, heavy mortal, and like all the chiefs she was proud and cruel. At first she treated the missionaries with disdain, offering only the tip of her little finger in salutation, but she became a zealous convert and remained to the time of her death, in 1832, at the age of 58, a firm and conscientious Christian, beloved by those who intimately knew her and universally respected for her abilities. She had ruled as consort of the great conqueror, as joint sovereign with his son, Liholiho, and as regent during the minority of Kauikeouli.

Kamamalu, the Queen of pleasure-loving Liholiho, was fond of display. On a state occasion in 1833 she was carried in procession, seated in a whaleboat on a frame of wickerwork borne on the shoulders of 70 men.

The boat and platform, 30 feet long by 12 feet wide, were covered with costly broadcloth relieved by beautiful colored tapes (native bark cloth). The queen's dress was a scarlet silk mantle and a feather coronet. An immense Chinese umbrella, richly gilded and decorated with tassels and fringes of the same gaudy color, supported by a chief wearing a helmet, screened her from the sun.

Chiefs held aloft kahilis, or royal staffs, 30 feet high, the handles surrounded by alternate ivory and tortoise shell rings, beautifully wrought and highly polished, the upper part being arranged so as to form a column or plume of scarlet feathers of 1 1/2 feet in diameter and from 12 to 14 feet long. A more magnificent insignia of rank, conveying at once the ideas of grandeur, state and beauty, as they towered and gracefully nodded above the multitude, was never devised by barbarians.

Another royal lady, Kinan, who afterward shared authority with Kamehameha III (Kauikeouli), her title being Kaahumanu II, appeared in a scarlet pan, a long piece of silk wound round the body and limbs, with two long streamers. The pan is a very graceful costume, especially when worn by a wahine (native woman) on horseback, with the gayly colored streamers aloft in the wind. The two dowager queens appeared in this procession. One of them wore 72 yards of cashmere of double width, one-half being orange and the other half scarlet. This was wrapped about her figure till her arms were supported by the mass in a horizontal position, while the remainder, forming an extensive train, was supported by a retinue selected for that purpose.

The richness and variety of the dresses and colors, and the exhibition of the wealth and power of the chiefs, their hereditary symbols of rank, the stately kahilis, splendid cloaks and helmets, and necklaces of feathers, intermingled with the brilliant hues and deep green of the flowers and wreaths from their native forests, rendered the spectacle at once unique and attractive. Groups of singers and dancers, to the number of many hundred, ever and anon met the procession, enthusiastically shouting their adulation in the willing ears of the chiefs.

Queen Kamamalu and Liholiho made a voyage to London in 1833. Before the ship weighed anchor at Honolulu the queen chanted a farewell:

"O heaven! O earth! O mountains! O sea! O my counselors and my subjects, farewell!"

The royal travelers created a sensation in London. Queen Kamamalu exhibited herself in loose trousers and a long bed gown of colored velvet, but Parisian modistes soon clothed the ladies in all the gear of fashion. Corsets for the first time encircled their ample waists, and the London ladies, in their rage for the new lions, sought patterns of the turban that graced the brow of the queen.

But, alas, the royal pair caught the measles and died in London, poor children of nature that they were, far from the palm groves and bosky bowers of their native isles! The bodies, in lead coffins framed in wood and covered with crimson velvet, were sent to Honolulu in the frigate *Blonde* in charge of Lord Byron, a cousin of the poet.—*Godey's Magazine*.

The title mayor comes from the French and originally signified "one who keeps guard." He was the head steward of a city, administering its affairs in the name of the king.

## THE MODERN WAY OF MOVING.

Some of Its Features as Noted by a Suburbanite Just Moved Into Town.

"We cannot forget," said the man who moved from the suburbs, "the vans we moved in nor the men who moved us. The whole household was active early that morning waiting for the vans. The main road by which they would approach ran parallel to the street in which we lived and in plain sight. Soon after 7 o'clock we saw them coming, three of them, each drawn by four horses, and all well closed up, a decidedly orderly and business looking procession. They swung around through a cross street and down our street and halted near the house at 7:10. They had told us at the office that the vans would be there at 7 o'clock. Inasmuch as they had had 12 miles to come and it had rained the night before 7:10 didn't seem like a half bad bluff at it."

"A man came down and located the house, and then the two head vans came and backed up to the walk in front. At one side of the house there was a driveway which ran back past the rear of the house, with a loop there around a little oval grass plat. There was none too much room in this driveway, which was not designed for four horse teams, but when the rear van came down the driver swung his leaders and came in at it with the large confidence of a man who has a good team and knows how to handle it. He rounded the oval and halted with his team headed toward the street and the rear end of the van on a line with the rear of the house. When the vans were all in position, the horses were blanketed, and then the men were ready."

"There were six men altogether, and they were all powerful, able-bodied men. The house was a 2 1/2 story Queen Anne. The men stripped it in two hours and without any fuss or commotion whatever. At 9:20 the last padlock snapped on the last van door, and the drivers mounted to their seats and hauled out into the road again, once more in line. Then all hands settled down in their seats, and everything was ready for the start. The great arks were very heavy now, and it was no light work to move them. There was a little picturesque plunging at the start, but they were good teams, every one, and they soon had the vans in motion, and after that they walked off with them as though they were shoeboxes on wheels. A few moments later we saw them once more out on the main road, moving now toward the city."

"Four hours later we caught sight of them again. We were then on the train bound for the city and approaching near it. We saw the vans on a road at some little distance from the railroad. They were as well closed up as a wagon train would be under escort in an enemy's country and moving forward."

"Not very long afterward we stood on the steps in the land of brick and mortar and saw the procession, still well closed up, appear around the corner. They came up at a trot. It took a little more time to unload than to load, but not much. Soon we heard the last padlock snap again, this time on the last of the empty vans. Once more the procession lined up, moved off and disappeared."

"And left us to settle. It is something of a job to settle, as those who have tried it know, but if anything could make that work seem lighter it would be the exhilaration of moving in the modern way."—*New York Sun*.

## Too Much For Him.

General Meerschmidt-Hullessem, an old and experienced officer of the bluff type, has several times differed with Emperor William's criticism of parades and maneuvers, and the general did not take pains to conceal his opinions. One night the emperor and the general met at a ball, and it happened that the same forenoon the emperor had again criticized the general's troops, deprecating the veteran officer's want of coolness. During the evening the emperor jokingly remarked to the general, who is a bachelor:

"My dear general, you want to become less excited, and," pointing to the ladies, he added, "you ought to marry."

"I beg your majesty's pardon," retorted the general, "but I beg to be excused. A young wife and a young emperor would be too much for me."—*Berlin Letter*.

## A Book's Quaint Title.

A year or two ago there first appeared in Germany a little book entitled "Darf die Frau Denken?" ("Ought Woman Be Allowed to Think?"). It went through a number of editions in a short time, a rare thing to happen in the fatherland, at least in this department of literature. Though small and without any new ideas or issues, it seemed to have had a decided effect in winning favor for the woman rights movement, at present occupying the best minds of a nation as conservative as the German. The writer, a lady, attempts to show that woman is not created for man, but for her calling, and to work out her own destiny on equal terms with man. Hence all educational apparatus and institutions ought to be opened to her.—*Baltimore Sun*.

## How to Buy Collars.

Note for bachelors: When you buy collars, you will save yourself much unpeakable anguish by asking for a tape and measuring the collars from buttonhole to buttonhole. They will frequently be found to vary half an inch or so from the size with which they are stamped, but that little half inch is one of the things that are making us prematurely bald.—*Boston Herald*.

## BIGGAR'S DRESS SUIT.

The Thrifty Farnellite Who Walked Rather Than Pay a Penny.

Talking of the speaker's dinners to members, at which, in compliment to the official position of the host as representative of her majesty in the house of commons, levee dress or uniform is worn by the guests, I was once told a funny story of the late Joseph Biggar, the thorny tempered deformed little bacon merchant who was the aristocratic, refined Farnell's first ally and for some time his only follower in parliament.

Biggar was not a poor man, but he was a thrifty one, and he hated the idea of spending money on a court dress. Yet Mr. Farnell liked his party to appear at the speaker's dinners as asserting their privileges of parliament. So Biggar undertook the irksome expense of hiring a court suit in which to go to dine with the speaker. The man who told me the story, another member who was not dining officially that night, was in the habit of going home with Biggar on the top of the last tram—they lived near each other on Lambeth way somewhere—and on this night the quaint little form of Biggar appeared in his smart, trim dress, sword, paste buttons and all, without even an overcoat, to go home, as usual.

His companion remonstrated, but in vain, nor would Biggar even consent to ride as far as the tram would have taken him, but got down, as was his custom, at the extreme point to which a penny conveyed him and walked the street thence to his rooms. His companion went so far as to offer to pay the extra penny out of his own pocket, but Biggar refused sternly. He was savage at the foolish expense to which he had already gone and would not have even a penny more made of it.

A man capable of such indifference to costume has a right to remonstrate about feminine attention to dress, but few are those men.—*Mrs. Fenwick-Miller in London Graphic*.

## Horses Can Count.

A Russian doctor has been experimenting to find how far some domestic animals can count. The intelligence of the horse as shown in mathematics, seems to surpass that of the cat or the dog.

The doctor found a horse which was able to count the mile posts along the way. It had been trained by its master to stop for feed whenever they had covered 25 versts. One day they tried the horse over a road where three false mile posts had been put in between the real ones, and, sure enough, the horse, deceived by this trick, stopped for his oats at the end of 23 versts, instead of going the usual 25.

The same horse was accustomed to being fed every day at the stroke of noon. The doctor observed that whenever the clock struck the horse would stop and prick up his ears as if counting. If he heard 12 strokes, he would trot off contentedly to be fed, but if it were fewer than 12 he would resignedly go on working. The experiment was made of striking 12 strokes at the wrong time, whereupon the horse started for his oats in spite of the fact that he had been fed only an hour before.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

## A Von Bulow Rehearsal.